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mental or of material phenomena are so feeble, that they tend rather to increase than diminish our confidence in it. The position that has not even been shaken by the assaults of so able an opponent must be in itself impregnable. We have criticized his arguments with freedom, but with no abatement of respect for one who occupies deservedly so high a rank among the English thinkers of the present day.

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- ART. V.—1. *LOUIS XVII.: sa Vie, son Agonie, sa Mort; Captivité de la Famille Royale au Temple; Ouvrage enrichi d'Autographes, de Portraits, et de Plans.* Par M. A. DE BEAUCHESNE. Paris: Plon frères, Editeurs. 1852. 2 vols. 8vo.
2. *Filia Dolorosa: Memoirs of MARIE THÉRÈSE CHARLOTTE, Duchess of Angoulême, the Last of the Dauphines.* By MRS. ROMER, Author of "A Pilgrimage to the Temples and Tombs of Egypt," etc. London: Richard Bentley. 1852. 2 vols. 8vo.
3. *An Abridged Account of the Misfortunes of the Dauphin, followed by some Documents in Support of the Facts related by the Prince; with a Supplement.* Translated from the French, by the HON. and REV. C. G. PERCIVAL, Rector of Calverton, Bucks. London: James Fraser. 1838. 8vo. pp. 714.

THE titles of these books will inevitably remind our readers of the ingenious article some time since printed in Putnam's Magazine, in support of the pretensions of the Rev. Eleazer Williams to be the veritable son of the unfortunate Louis XVI., and the present legitimate heir to the crown of France. Shortly after perusing the article in question, M. de Beauchesne's volumes reached us from Paris, and it was our intention to devote an earlier number of this Review to a thorough examination of the subject. But the announcement of a more elaborate treatise by the Rev. Mr. Hanson, the most earnest and able of Mr. Williams's advocates, was a sufficient

inducement to postpone our labors till we could fairly dispose of the whole matter at once. Several months have since elapsed without the appearance of Mr. Hanson's promised volume; and much as we could desire to be assisted in our task by the result of his studies and careful research, we do not feel at liberty to suffer a longer delay to intervene ere we place upon our pages some notice of M. de Beauchesne's indefatigable inquiries during the past twenty years. Justice to our readers demands that his volumes should be examined while yet their contents are fresh, and their merits or demerits generally unknown to the reading world on this side of the water; for the republication of the English translation by Mr. Hazlitt has hardly yet found its way to the shelves of many private libraries. And in doing this, we rejoice that we are not called upon to say much concerning Mr. Hanson or his *protégé*. What will be the nature of his forthcoming book we are of course unable to guess; and it is perfectly *possible*, (though to the last degree *improbable*,) that evidence may be adduced sufficient to establish the claims of the *soi-disant* Dauphin of the Northwest. We are willing, too, to pass over in silence all that has hitherto been put forth in favor of his pretensions; for really, when we consider the magnitude of the stake in controversy, and the fact that every thing in the plaintiff's case, so far, is made to rest, not merely upon Mr. Williams's bare assertion, but likewise, to a certain extent, upon the soundness of his judgment, it seems absurd to affect to treat his story with grave respect. We are told, too, that the Prince de Joinville, through a member of his household, contradicts flatly so much of Mr. Williams's tale as relates to himself; and we are inclined to believe the Prince to be honest. However, as we have already intimated, since we cannot give the least credence to his story on its present evidences, and as we are promised more satisfactory proof, we are content to spare ourselves the pain of pronouncing here upon its individual, isolated merits. Moreover, the case does not now stand as though it were to-day broached for the first time. In the course of our remarks, it will be seen, that, unless the most gratuitous and wicked perjury has been committed, in relation not only to the more important facts, but to solitary and uncon-

nected circumstances, observed by different persons, acting separately from each other and at various times, — the whole forming a perfect chain of circumstantial as well positive evidence, — and this perjury persisted in by numerous witnesses of all degrees of social rank, of every shade of political opinion, not only under the Republican government of France, but during all the intervening period, down to 1851, — under the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, the Restoration, and the Monarchy of the Barricades; — unless such a wild and monstrous supposition should turn out to be true, then there is no need of discussing our Indian Dauphin's story at all; its probability, nay, its possibility, may be disposed of in a single paragraph. If it be conclusively proved that Louis XVII. has been dead for over half a century, then, of course, even Mr. Williams will not insist on our believing him to be alive now.

There is, no doubt, a constant tendency of the human mind to believe in the marvellous, and to admit those things to be true which it wishes to be true. *Populus qui vult decipi, decipitur.* The history of nations in all ages furnishes many instances of multitudes of persons abandoning their homes and all that had made life precious to them, to follow the fortunes of a stranger, whom, rightfully or wrongfully, they believed entitled to their support. In no case does this passion more strongly show itself, than when the adventurer at whose beck the domestic hearth was exchanged for the dungeon, and the conjugal pillow for the headsman's block, is supposed to be the representative of a banished line of sovereigns. During how many ages was the return of Arthur, (*quem adhuc verè bruti Britones expectant venturum*,\*) with his good sword Excalibar by his side, looked for by the credulous children of his native soil! The audacity of the man, who boldly demands as his right those titles which no one can claim but at the peril of his head, goes a great way to establish the validity of his pretensions among the illiterate. England has had its Lambert Simnel and its Perkin Warbeck (whom, by the by, we shrewdly opine to have been all that he claimed to be), Portugal its Don Sebastian, Russia its

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\* William of Newbury.

Demetrius, and France, never in the rear where personal enterprise is concerned, has furnished, to replace the child who died in the Temple, at least a couple of dozen Dauphins, each of whom, by his own showing and that of his friends, was the true and legitimate son of Louis XVI.

We will trace, step by step, from his cradle to his grave, the life and history of this child; and, without exposing the details of the falsehood of all of his rivals, simply proceed to show how futile, at this late day, must be all attempts to impose upon the public this old deception under a new face. And if we should be tempted to hold up to our readers' scorn one or two of the most conspicuous of these impostors, it will only be on the same charitable principles that impel the farmer to hang up in his fields the carcasses of a slaughtered crow or kite, that other kindred spirits may be deterred by his fate from following his example.

Louis Charles of France and of Bourbon, second son of Louis XVI., King of France, and of Marie Antoinette Joséphe Jeanne de Lorraine, Archduchess of Austria and Queen of France, was born at the palace of Versailles, at five minutes before seven o'clock, on the evening of the 27th of March, 1785. The same day, he was baptized in the palace chapel, and was created Duke of Normandy, a title which no king's son had borne since the days of Charles VII.; and the event was greeted with the most enthusiastic exhibitions of delight by the whole court and people of France. On the 4th of June, 1789, his elder brother, Louis Joseph Xavier François, Dauphin of France (born October 22d, 1781), died at Versailles. A sister had already been buried in 1787; and the sole offspring of the king now surviving were Louis Charles, by his brother's death become Dauphin, and Marie Thérèse, who in later years was married to her cousin, the Duke of Angoulême.

At the period when the subject of this sketch first became Dauphin of France, he was a graceful, handsome boy of four years of age, with a fine forehead, and large blue eyes, fringed with long chestnut lashes and arched eyebrows; his hair, at this time blonde and curling, was already beginning to assume the light brown hue which afterwards it fully attained. He

had the plump, ruddy lips of his mother, and, like her, a dimple on his chin. From infancy he had been an especial favorite with his parents; no pains had been spared in developing his precocious talents, and he could already read fluently and comment understandingly upon the books which were placed in his hands. The anecdotes that are related of him, even at this early age, betray a degree of delicate and refined comprehension that cannot but interest us. One evening at St. Cloud, his mother was at the harp singing to her children some of the childish melodies of Berquin:—

“Dors, mon enfant, clos ta paupière  
Tes cris me déchirent le cœur;  
Dors, mon enfant, ta pauvre mère,  
A bien assez de sa douleur.”

In an infantile frolic, the Dauphin pretended to be asleep in his chair while the Queen sang. “Ah!” exclaimed Madame Elizabeth, laughingly, “look at Master Charles, gone to sleep!” At the word he sprang up from his feigned slumbers: “*Ah, ma chère tante!*” cried he; “*peut-on dormir quand on entend maman-reine?*” A score of such pleasing little anecdotes are recorded by M. de Beauchesne; but we must not dwell on these records of his earlier years, when his chief pleasures were to sport about the gardens of Versailles, and to gather with the dawn fresh flowers to lay upon his mother’s pillow ere she rose; his only pains, when the severity of the weather prevented him from taking his morning walk in the shrubberies, and gathering his trophies of filial love from the parterres. “Ah,” he would then say, “I am so unfortunate! I have not earned to-day the first kiss of mamma!” This daily custom clung to him through life, and was never abandoned so long as there was ability to put it in practice: even the instinct clung to him in his dying hours. But a darker destiny was at hand; and the bright sunshine in which he had hitherto basked was too soon to be changed for black, lowering clouds and the bursting of the pitiless storm.

The first positive impressions which the Dauphin could have received of the dangers with which his family had become environed were probably on the occasion of the tumults which succeeded the demolition of the Bastille (14th July, 1789): a

measure in which Lafayette and so many friends of liberty, whose thoughts were filled with the past horrors of that gloomy pile, rejoiced with so much fervor. They did not comprehend, that, instead of being a triumph over the king, it was a direct invasion of the sovereignty of the people; for the members of the Assembly, as they and all Paris knew, were at that moment the actual rulers of France. The king's name, so far from being any longer a tower of strength, had become a positive source of danger, as fatal as the breath of the upas-tree to all who sought its protection. The shadow of royal authority was indeed still kept up, but it was the Assembly — or rather those of the people who governed the Assembly — with whom all real power remained.

We will not dwell upon the horrible sights and sounds which attended the memorable journey from Versailles to Paris, in October, 1789, when Lafayette, in the name of the nation, required the king to bring his family to reside within the walls of Paris; nor upon that awful night when Murder, with brandished torch and dagger, roamed wildly through the till then sacred chambers of the queen. We would pass over very briefly the events already sufficiently familiar to our readers, and come to details hitherto not generally, or but imperfectly, known.

Lodged at the Tuileries, the Dauphin knew only in part the manifold causes of uneasiness that disturbed his parents. His education was continued under the direction of M. Hue, a man of cultivated understanding and devoted loyalty; and the gardens attached to the palace furnished some compensation for those of Versailles. Other relaxations were presented to him. A company of lads, forming themselves into a volunteer troop in his honor, were established by the government as the Regiment of the Royal Dauphin; and their accoutrements, discipline, and parades constituted a subject of no little excitement to their titular colonel. But meanwhile his mind was growing and expanding with his body, and the afflictions with which he was so soon to be visited were already shadowed before him. He could not long continue blind to the tears of his mother and the gloomy brow of his father. One day he was entreated by a woman, who ad-

dressed him in his little garden, to procure some favor for her. "If I could only obtain it," said she, "I should be happy as a queen." "Happy as a queen!" slowly repeated he; "I know one queen who does nothing but weep."

Daily suffering more and more from the excesses of the popular party, time passed on leaden wings with the family of the Tuileries, until, on the 20th of June, 1791, the flight to the army of M. de Bouillé, originally suggested by Mirabeau, was, when too late, undertaken by them. We all know how they were overtaken at Varennes, and triumphantly brought back to Paris. From that time, their position was no other than that of prisoners. The proposed flight had never been mentioned to the Dauphin; and it was not until eleven o'clock at night, when he was, half asleep, taken from his couch and dressed as a little girl, that he received any intimation of the attempt which, it was fondly hoped, would remove him and his from the power of their adversaries. His sister asked him, as, but half awake, he gazed wonderingly at the strange preparations, what he thought was going on. "I fancy," was the reply, "that we are going to take part in a comedy, we are all so strangely disguised." He was wrong; it was a tragedy, and one of the most fearful kind, in which he was about to be an actor. Naundorf tells us that the *nom du voyage* borne by the pretended girl was Aglæe; but, as we shall presently see, no credit is to be given to any thing Naundorf has asserted.

Hitherto, we have abstained from expressing any opinion upon the merits or demerits of either of the conflicting parties in the grand struggle that was going on. For all purposes of our present subject, it is not necessary to say which of the rival powers was entitled to the sympathy of our hearts or the approbation of our cooler judgments. But when, in September, 1791, the whole form of the government of the kingdom was changed, and, by a "Constitutional Act," proposed by the people and accepted by the king, a monarchy, limited to a degree hitherto unknown in political history, was adopted, the question becomes much simplified. So long as the king did not transcend the functions therein conferred upon him, the people in their turn were bound, if not to a permanent observance of their duties of submission to the constitution



and laws, at least to an obedience in good faith to so much as should be found reasonable and just, and a peaceful, orderly effort to procure the abrogation of what clauses should in practice be found obnoxious. A violation of this principle was plainly a dishonest and unjust proceeding; but it was precisely the course followed by the French nation, or those who represented it. The 10th of August came, and with it the downfall of the monarchy. In vain had the queen endeavored to interest in the prince royal (such was his title under the new constitution) the sympathies of the sworn supporters and defenders of the government, by enrolling him in the National Guard and causing him to appear in public in that uniform. Nothing could have induced the Assembly to do its duty, — to obey the oaths it had taken to respect and support its own laws, — to preserve the lives and liberty of those to whom it had so solemnly plighted its faith, — save physical coercion. If, on the 10th of August, there had been a thousand men more in defence of the Tuileries, and the mob had been repulsed, the craven legislature would have bowed as reverently before the monarch as they actually did before the ruffians who drove him from the protection of his own roof-tree. Taking shelter with his family in the bosom of the Assembly, Louis XVI. was, by its orders, on the 13th of August, removed to the Temple. His regal authority was in the mean time annulled, and a National Convention was called, to provide for the future government of the people.

The palace of the Temple had been erected about the close of the twelfth century, by the knights of that order stationed at Paris, and was built with a disregard of conveniences and an eye to strength and solidity alone, so that it was more worthy of the name of fortress than palace. It was originally composed of a heavy square tower, one hundred and fifty feet high, with walls in their least solidity nine feet in thickness. Each angle was flanked with a small circular tower, and on the north side was a projecting half-wing, surmounted with two smaller towers. This last portion of the building was commonly called the Little Tower, or, more commonly, the Tower of the Temple; and it was here that the royal family were to spend the remainder of their lives. There

were, as we have said, no conveniences of a dwelling-house to be found in this gloomy fortalice. For a very long time it had been neglected and suffered to fall out of repair; and surely the narrow portals, the heavy frowning doors, the winding staircase, dimly lighted by a few loopholes cut in the thick wall, were enough to deter any man from seeking it as a domicile. A few hasty preparations had been made, on the spur of the moment, for the reception of its new guests; but in the main, the building was as unhealthy, uncomfortable a prison as could, perhaps, be found in France. Lofty walls were speedily erected, to bar the scanty prospect which the grated windows might afford to "the tyrant," and to cut off no inconsiderable portion of light and air. In short, nothing was wanting but fetters to make the condition of the prisoners as cheerless as possible.

In a small antechamber, opening into the apartment allotted to the king, a guard was constantly posted; and a glass door was so arranged between the two chambers as to keep the monarch, by night and day, under continual *surveillance*. In two other chambers, the queen and her son, and Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royale (the usual style by which the future Duchess of Angoulême had been known), were confined. It was only at certain times of the day that a meeting of the family was permitted. While yet their fate was undecided, many petty privileges were allowed them that were afterwards revoked. There was some attempt at neatness and propriety in their table; they were permitted, once or twice, to walk outside of the wall, in a neighboring garden, under strict guard; and books were furnished them. But the king mainly occupied himself with continuing the education of his son, who already wrote and composed with some skill and fluency. A more worthy employment he could not have found, or a more apt and intelligent pupil. Foremost of all, he sought to impress the sublime truths of religion upon the mind of the boy; and the daily examples of charity, resignation, forgiveness of enemies, and submission to the Divine Will, were evidently not lost upon him. For it was not long that, even in their dungeons, the royal family were to escape the bayings of their tormentors. Crowds of frantic

ruffians would environ the Temple, and howl forth imprecations upon the heads of their helpless victims. Bursting open the prisons where other captives were detained, and murdering without remorse innocent men, helpless women, and defenceless priests, they would drag the dismembered bodies in triumph to the fatal Tower, and display them merrily before the eyes of their sovereign. It was thus that the head of the beautiful Princess de Lamballe was thrust into the sight of her bosom friend, the queen; whose shrieks of agony, as she fell back swooning at the horrid sight, were answered with yells of laughter from the crowd below. To add to their troubles, the sum allotted by the nation for the support of its prisoners was scantily paid, or not at all; and they began to suffer for want of the common necessaries of life; and ere long, the almost total separation of the unfortunate Louis from his wife, his children, and his sister, was decreed. Then ensued the mock trial of the king before the National Convention, and his condemnation. On the night of the 20th of January, 1795, he took his last farewell of his son, embracing him tenderly, and bidding him swear to observe his dying request to obey dutifully and tenderly the behests of his mother, and never to think of avenging his father's death. On the following morning, at twenty-two minutes past ten o'clock, that father perished on the scaffold.

M. de Beauchesne gives a curious account of an attempt to rescue Louis at the very moment of his approach to the guillotine, that we do not remember to have seen in print before. The whole of this daring scheme was the sole conception of the Baron de Batz, a stout loyalist and a most dangerous conspirator against the peace of the new government. This man, while he rivalled in fierce courage his ancestor, Marnaud de Batz, who saved the life of Henry of Navarre at the capture of Eauze, and who made it his boast that, in the battles of Cahors and of Coutras, he was never farther distant from his king than the length of his halberd, far excelled the worthy Huguenot in astuteness and cunning. If he had a hand to execute, he had also a head to plan. During the trial of the king, the Baron had concerted his plot, and had taken every possible step to carry it into successful operation.

He had secured the services of fifteen hundred or two thousand sturdy loyalists, and, acquainting each one with the duties assigned him, dismissed him till the day of trial. His idea was a very simple one, and, but for an unforeseen occurrence, would doubtless have been crowned with victory. At a certain point in the route from the Temple to the guillotine, there were several streets all opening into a vacant space; through this open space the procession was to pass. The conspirators, mingling in the crowd, or advancing in scattered groups down the various streets, with such arms as would best answer the purposes of a close combat, or could be most readily concealed about their persons, were to be on the alert for an outcry, and, the instant the signal was given, to fall on the guards immediately surrounding the king's carriage. It seemed almost impossible that, in the turmoil that would inevitably ensue, the monarch should not be rescued and hurried off to an appointed place of concealment, ere the van and rear of the long, unwieldy column of troops, in whose centre he was placed, could arrive to the relief of their comrades. But the plotters reckoned without their host. Although there is no reason to believe that the government had received any intimation of this design, yet there were other causes to put them on their guard; and accordingly, at the eleventh hour, a proclamation was made all over Paris, by which all the young men, without exception, unless otherwise employed by order of the Convention, should assemble at their respective *quartiers*, at a certain time on the morning of the 21st. Two lists were then to be made out, one of the absent, the other of the present; and it was ordained further, that every absentee should, *ipso facto*, be treated as a traitor. Then, under orders of the leaders assigned to them, each body was compelled to assume and retain a certain position till the execution should be completed. This measure utterly disconcerted all the well-laid plan of De Batz.

Though there was no time left to communicate with his coadjutors, and he knew not how many of them would be able to evade the summons they had received, De Batz determined to be at his post. Between the quadruple ranks of armed men that lined the streets, the melancholy *cortège* slowly pro-

ceeded along the Boulevard, till it arrived opposite the Porte Saint-Denis, placed on the highest part of the *boulevard de Bonne-Nouvelle*. Then or never was his opportunity. Suddenly drawing his sabre, and cutting right and left, as he pierced the bristling hedge of bayonets that stood between himself and the royal prize, he shouted fiercely and loudly: "*A nous, Français! à nous, ceux qui veulent sauver leur Roi!*" Alas for his hopes! His friends were scattered here and there at long intervals through the streets of Paris, unable for a moment to quit their posts, or even to hear his words. But three men obeyed his call, and, striking about them like madmen, in frantic desperation sought to save their king. A moment's struggle showed them the futility of their efforts, and, unseconded by another arm, they ceased to combat and strove to make their escape. De Batz, who must have borne a charmed life, and another by the name of Devaux, succeeded, and disappeared in the crowd; but not before they had beheld their two comrades cut down and torn to pieces before their eyes. Who these two gallant young men were, nobody has ever known; De Batz could not ascertain, and their secret has perished with them. Yet surely it was as reckless a feat of hardihood, and for as high a stake, as ever won deathless fame for the names of spirits not more bold and equally unsuccessful!

Immediately upon the reception of the news of the execution of Louis XVI., such of the French loyalists as were in a position to safely avow their sentiments hastened to proclaim his son as lawful heir to the vacant throne; and Monsieur, as the late king's brother, the Comte de Provence, was styled, issued his proclamation from Hamm, in Westphalia, in which he announced that, under existing circumstances, the regency, during the minority of the young prince, was vested in himself; and this decision was generally acquiesced in by the *émigrés*, and by the various courts of Europe. Nor was the expression of sympathy on the part of the foreign powers confined entirely to mere lip service, and to "customary suits of solemn black." The first notice that the Court of St. James took of the notification it received of the catastrophe of the 21st of January, was to present his passports to

M. de Chauvelin, the French ambassador, who left the country upon the moment. But any notice of the struggle about to ensue between these two gigantic rival states would be irrelevant here. Suffice it to say, that the royalty of Louis XVII. was speedily recognized by the chief nations of Christendom. Let us dismiss, then, from our consideration the struggles of the armies of Condé and of Vendée, and the intrigues of foreign diplomacy in support of the royal cause, to contemplate the condition of this unhappy child after his father's death.

During the whole night of suspense and agony on the 20th of January, 1793, the last occasion upon which Louis XVI. was seen by his family, the queen and her daughter and the Princess Elizabeth, crouched together upon a single mattress, passed the time in wailing and in bitter fears. With the earliest dawn, they renewed their efforts to obtain a last interview with the king; the Dauphin, with all the importunity of childhood, besought his gaolers to permit him a single moment with his father. It is needless to say that no favor of this kind was granted. Nor was it long ere the salvos of artillery and the shouts of the populace announced that there was no longer room for even hope. The feet of Louis XVI. were treading that dark valley whither so many of his family were so soon to follow him.

That day was consumed by the captives in giving free scope to their anguish, despite the incessant espionage to which they knew that they were subjected. At nightfall, slumber, that last solace of the wretched, fortunately steeped for a time in oblivion the woes of the child; but no such relief visited the sad eyes of the bereaved wife and sister. Seated together, they watched by the bedside of their charge, on whose face the sweet smiles of pleasant dreams were already playing. Struck by the unwonted sight, his mother's mind reverted to those days, always so precious to a mother's heart, when she held upon her knees her eldest born. "He is just the age of his brother who died at Meudon," cried she. "But happy are those of our family who have gone before! They are spared the misery of the survivors." When, in the morning, Marie Antoinette sought to impress more strongly

upon her son's soul the necessity of placing all his hopes in God, the poor child answered, "Mamma, I have tried my best to think of the good God: but whenever I call up a thought of Him, the image of my father is always present before me."

After her husband's death, the queen, fearful of a renewal of the insults to which she had been hitherto subjected, or, more terrible still, of a *rencontre* with some of those stern guards whom she had beheld leading forth the king to the hall of judgment, had confined herself entirely to her chamber. There, surrounded by her children, and in the necessary cares which their situation imposed, she spent her days. The Commissaries of the Commune were constantly in attendance; and among their number it was not an unusual thing to find men who, at heart, were not ill-disposed towards their prisoners. One of these, M. Lepitre, had, on the 7th of February, presented secretly to the queen a copy of verses appropriate to her circumstances. Three weeks after, when, on the 1st of March, he resumed his charge, he was astonished to listen to his own words, arranged to music by Madame Cléry, and sung by the Dauphin, while the Princess Royal accompanied him on the harpsichord. The words of this song, it may be premised, are supposed to be spoken by the young prince.

"LA PIÉTÉ FILIALE.

" Et quoi! tu pleures, ô ma mère!  
 Dans tes regards fixés sur moi  
 Se peignent l'amour et l'effroi:  
 J'y vois ton âme tout entière.  
 Des maux que ton fils a soufferts  
 Pourquoi te retracer l'image?  
 Puisque ma mère les partage  
 Puis-je me plaindre de mes fers?

" Des fers! ô Louis! ton courage  
 Les ennoblit en les portant.  
 Ton fils n'a plus, en cet instant,  
 Que tes vertus pour héritage.  
 Trône, palais, pouvoir, grandeur,  
 Tout a fui pour moi sur la terre;

Mais je suis auprès de ma mère,  
Je connais encor le bonheur.

“ Un jour, peut-être, l'espérance  
Doit être permise au malheur;  
Un jour, en faisant son bonheur,  
Je me vengerai de la France!  
Un Dieu favorable à ton fils,  
Bientôt calmera la tempête:  
L'orage qui courbe leur tête  
Ne détruira jamais les lis.

“ Helas! si du poids de nos chaînes  
Le ciel daigne nous affranchir,  
Nos cœurs doubleront le plaisir,  
Par le souvenir de nos peines.  
Ton fils, plus heureux qu'aujourd'hui,  
Saura, dissipant tes alarmes,  
Effacer la trace des larmes  
Qu'en ces lieux tu verses pour lui!”

The prince's voice had not much compass, but its intonation was very good; and in the occasional relaxation afforded by its exercise, and in the cultivation of the other mental and moral endowments of the two children committed by God to their charge, the queen and Madame Elizabeth found their only solace. Nor is it going too far to say, that, in more than one instance, these faithful women preferred to leave their own lives in the hands of their enemies, rather than abandon the custody of their tender pupils. It was about this period that Toulan, one of the commissaries on duty, a hot republican, but touched with pity at the moving scenes daily enacted before his eyes, formed a plan for the escape of the queen and Madame Elizabeth. By the aid of M. de Jarjayes, a faithful but concealed servant of the crown, a plot was arranged so skilfully that there seems little room to doubt that Marie Antoinette in a few short hours might have disappeared, not only from the Temple, but from the soil of France. But at the eleventh hour, the sight of her son, from whom she was about to be separated, perhaps for ever, recalled her mind to other reflections, and she refused to depart. “I will remain here, where there can be nothing worse than danger,” said



she: "better death than remorse." The note which she found means, through Toulon, to transmit to M. de Jarjayes, is one of the most interesting memorials of her imprisonment that the care of M. Chauveau-Lagarde has given us.

"Nous avons fait un beau rêve. Voilà tout. Mais nous y avons beaucoup gagné, en trouvant, dans cette occasion, une nouvelle preuve de votre entier dévouement pour moi. Ma confiance en vous est sans bornes. Vous trouverez toujours en moi du caractère et du courage; mais l'intérêt de mon fils est le seul qui me guide. Quelque bonheur que j'eusse éprouvé à être hors d'ici, je ne peux consentir à me séparer de lui. Je ne pourrais jouir de rien sans mes enfants, et cette idée ne me laisse pas même un regret."

But the hour was rapidly approaching when she was to be parted for ever from her son, as she had been from her husband. The rage and jealousy of the actual rulers of France, turning from the corpse of Louis, hesitated for a while which of the survivors to strike next. The avowal of their design by the royalists to elevate Louis XVII., by force of arms, if necessary, to the throne, certainly rendered it natural enough for the Convention to keep a watchful eye upon their prisoner. Various occurrences in Paris itself kept this feeling alive. There is an old volume of prophecies, such as were at one time very popular in Europe, entitled "*Mirabilis Liber, qui prophetias revolutionesque, necnon res mirandas preteritas, presentes, ac futuras, aperte demonstrat*," the authorship of which is variously attributed to St. Césaire, Bishop of Arles, who died A. D. 544, and to Jacques de Nostre-Dame, father of the celebrated Michael Nostredamus, whose predictions and prophecies have long been a theme of popular marvel the world over. Between the years 1498 and 1524, there appear to have been no less than six or eight editions of this *Liber Mirabilis*; so there is no room to suppose it to have been an imposture, trumped up for the occasion, in 1793. Some unlucky *bibliophile* was so imprudent as to call the attention of the public to this passage in the volume, which certainly is curious enough: *Juvenis captivatus qui recuperabit coronam lilii*, spake the seer, *fundatus, destruet filios Bruti*. "The young captive who will recover the crown of the lily, being reëstablished, shall destroy the sons of Brutus." Vague as this language

was, it was sufficient to provoke the proscription of the book and the arrest of its possessors. Van Praët, who seems to have been the original cause of its unexpected notoriety, was obliged to conceal himself from the police until the excitement died away. The records of the period, however, furnish other and more melancholy instances of the dangers that surrounded the partisans of the young king. The *Courrier Français* of April 30th, 1793, mentions the execution of a dentist named Boucher, condemned for having cried, *Vive Louis XVII. ! au diable la République !*

Indeed, every day made the situation of the royal family and their friends more dangerous. The flight of Dumouriez, the execution of his colleagues, Generals Miasinsky and Devaux, the fall of the Girondins, all seemed to tend to the complete triumph of the Mountain, and the consummation of its designs. A new project of escape from the Temple was then set on foot, and it was now intended to embrace all of the captives. The life and soul of this conspiracy was no other than our old acquaintance, the Baron de Batz. With him was joined one of the members of the municipality, charged with the *surveillance* of the Temple, by the name of Michonis.

It is a marvel how De Batz managed to preserve his incognito so successfully in the very heart of the hostile camp. At this epoch, however, he was lodging at the house of one Cortey, a grocer, a man noted throughout Paris for extreme opinions and republican zeal. By means of a golden key, most probably, De Batz not only found a secure resting-place in his dwelling, but gained a knowledge of many of the most secret plans of the government, betrayed to him by his venal host; and he did not even hesitate to communicate to him all the details of his proposed conspiracy, in which Cortey himself was soon inveigled to take a decided share. In time, it became the latter's turn to assume the command of the guard at the Temple. His company, consisting of thirty men, he managed to constitute in such a manner that its members were all prepared to assist in the proposed enterprise. Among them De Batz himself, under the assumed name of Forget, was present. The plan was to smuggle into the royal apartments,

by the intervention of Michonis, equipments similar to those worn by the guard. In these the ladies were to be attired, and, mixing with the soldiery, to depart with them from their prison. The sentries on guard were prepared to see nothing, while Louis XVII., wrapped in a large cloak, was to endeavor to pass unobserved in the midst of the troop. Of course, all this was to take place under cover of the night. Michonis, whose turn it was to watch the royal chamber, was to help the prisoners out of their dungeon, while Cortey, in his capacity of commandant, was to secure their passage through the outer gates. Once in the street, their safety was assured. The patrol in the vicinity was even prepared to suffer the carriages in waiting to pass without interruption.

The eventful night arrived. It was already nearly midnight, and all seemed to go well. For some time Michonis had been left alone on duty in the prisoners' apartment. Four of his colleagues were sitting tranquilly in the council-chamber, and Simon, the sixth and most to be dreaded, had been absent from the Temple for more than an hour. In half an hour the guard was to be changed, and in the ranks of the retiring company the captives were to escape. Suddenly, with hasty steps and loud exclamations, Simon, who seemed born for the destruction of Louis XVII., entered the room. His first words were to command the appearance of all who were on duty. "It is lucky that I see you here," he exclaimed to Cortey; "without your presence, I should have felt ill enough at ease!" He then exhibited an order from the Council that Michonis should surrender his duties on the moment, and immediately present himself before the Commune. With apparent readiness and tranquillity, Michonis at once obeyed the command. In the first court of the building, he encountered Cortey. "What on earth is the matter?" "Make yourself easy," replied the grocer; "Forget is gone."

In fact, the presence of mind of De Batz's landlord had saved his life. The instant that Simon had turned his back on the guards, in order to ascertain the presence of the prisoners, Cortey, on some frivolous pretence, hurried a patrol of eight men into the street, of whom but seven returned. The whole thing was managed so quietly and naturally, that no

one, not even Simon himself, suspected that in that single instant the most dangerous and active conspirator in France had slipped through his fingers.

Who it was that betrayed the plot is still a mystery. The only clew we have to the cause of Simon's suspicions (for, after all, they probably amounted to nothing more) lies in the fact, that, about 9 P. M. that night, a gendarme had picked up near the Temple a note without signature or address, and containing only this language: "Michonis will betray you this night; be on your guard!" Placed in Simon's hands, the latter carried it at once to the Council, and procured the order to which we have referred. But nothing further was discovered at the time: Michonis was shrewdly questioned, but was at last discharged. Simon, disappointed in the result of his accusations, carried his complaints to Robespierre, his patron, and ere long the result of their common machinations was made manifest.

On the 1st of July, 1793, the Committee of Public Safety ordered that "the son of Capet should be separated from his mother, and placed under the control of a guardian, to be chosen by the General Council of the Commune." This measure, sanctioned by the Convention, was carried into execution, July 3d, under circumstances of the greatest barbarity. At ten o'clock at night, as the queen and her sister were seated by the bedside of the slumbering boy, occupied in mending the garments of the family, and the young Maria Theresa, placed between them, was reading aloud, a violent clamor arose at the door. Six municipals at once boisterously entered, and without prelude communicated their order to take away the child. These tidings, totally unexpected, caused the utmost anguish and surprise to the unhappy family. With tears, with prayers, they implored at least a small respite. The Dauphin himself, awakened by the tumult, clung trembling to his mother's bosom, and besought her not to leave him. All was in vain. Violence had already been unsuccessfully offered, when the commissaries, annoyed but unmoved at the resistance they experienced, summoned up a turnkey to separate by main force the child from its mother. At length they succeeded; the poor infant was dressed and

prepared to be removed. Ignorant of his destiny, ignorant even whether they should ever be permitted to see or hear each other again, (for the commissaries, fit executors of such a decree, refused the least answer to her queries,) the mother and queen summoned up all her energies. Her tears ceased to flow; not a sob interrupted her parting words to her son. "My child, we are about to be separated from each other. Be mindful of your duties when I am no longer at your side to recall them to you. Never forget the God who has tried, nor the mother that loves, you. Be wise, patient, and good, and your father's soul in heaven will bless you." Still the poor child clung to her knees, and refused to be taken away, till with harsh words he was dragged violently from the chamber, and the door closed between them for ever.

Escorted by the turnkey and the six commissaries, Louis XVII. was conveyed to that part of the Temple formerly occupied by his father, where, in a half-lighted room, he was left alone with a man of rude appearance and forbidding manners. Antoine Simon was robust and somewhat above the usual height, squarely built, with a swarthy complexion, and wild, dark locks. He was a native of the city of Troyes, and was at this time not far from sixty years of age; his wife, a short, corpulent, coarse creature, was not unworthy of such a mate. It was through the intervention of his patrons, Marat and Robespierre, that his present office, with a salary of five hundred francs a month, was conferred upon Simon: but at the same time, the General Council of the Commune annexed to it the rigorous conditions, that, by day or by night, he should not for a moment lose sight of his prisoner, or on any pretext whatever quit the Tower of the Temple in which the latter was confined. Then, to endure for a period of six months, commenced the most odious and disgusting persecution that is recorded in the history of modern times. There can be no doubt of the object for which a brutal shoemaker was chosen to be the sole guardian and instructor of the only son of the last king of France; it was his complete degradation, mental, moral, and physical. If the child fell under the weight of his new burdens, and yielded up his puny life, so much the better. But if, contrary to their wishes and anticipations, he

should survive, it should be only as an idiot or a madman. To this end all the energies of his keeper were devoted. By day and night, the sound of his clamorous oaths; his drunken orgies, and his harsh blows upon the trembling flesh of his shrinking charge, echoed through the Tower. Louis XVII. had been educated by his parents with an aversion to all intoxicating drinks, equalled only by a purity of language and innocence of ideas remarkable even in a child. One of the earliest tasks of Simon was to force him, even by blows, into a state of drunkenness, and to compel him to repeat and sing the most loathsome and obscene words and songs. All knowledge of their mutual fate was carefully kept from the prince and the rest of the royal family. To his dying hour, Louis had never been told of the execution of his mother, but believed her still locked up in the chamber whence he had been torn from her bosom.

All the world is acquainted with the story of the trial of Marie Antoinette. Though her death was a foregone conclusion, it was considered necessary by her murderers to preserve some appearance of legal forms in the process of her conviction. Fouquier-Tinville, the public accuser, informed the Convention, on the 5th of October, 1793, that he possessed not a tittle of evidence upon which to base the least charge against her. Being as thirsty for the blood of "the Austrian she-wolf" (as the queen was now styled) as the most ferocious *sans-culotte* in the Hall of the Jacobins, this unscrupulous man resorted to a scheme unparalleled, let us hope, in the annals of crime. On the 6th of October, by the means of his keeper, Louis was made intoxicated at an early hour. A committee to take his deposition was introduced; a series of questions, prepared by a scoundrel named Daujon, the import of which was plainly unknown to the prisoner, were addressed to him, which he was forced to answer "Yes" or "No," as he was bade, and to subscribe as his persecutors commanded. To the nature of this paper, we will not even allude. When, on her trial, it was produced and read against the queen, shame, decency, and indignation sealed her mouth. But when the prosecution adverted to the fact of her silence, and sought therefrom to infer her admission of the truth of the monstrous

crimes with which she was therein charged, she glanced like an angry lioness at her judges. "If I did not answer," she exclaimed, "it was because Nature refuses to reply to such an accusation: I summon as a witness every mother in this hall!" Condemned and sentenced, almost her last moments were passed in writing to Madame Elizabeth, adjuring her not to cherish any feelings of unkindness towards her son for the horrible falsehoods to which he had so unwittingly put his name. Dragged to the place of public execution, she maintained in every gesture, in every look, the dignity of the daughter of Maria Theresa of Hungary. The "constitutional priest" in attendance sought to use the usual forms of speech employed on such occasions. "Your death will expiate—" "Many faults, sir," interrupted the queen, "but not a single crime." And when he bade her summon up her courage, "Ah," she answered, "I have served for too many years a hard apprenticeship, to believe that my courage will fail just at the moment when my sufferings are to end." Her hands ignominiously and painfully bound, her beautiful tresses, once the pride of the two mightiest courts of the Continent, now white with sorrows and shorn by the hangman's shears, she was still every inch a queen. Once only did her firmness give way. As the procession passed through the *Rue Saint-Honoré*, an infant, raised aloft in its mother's arms, merrily nodded its head at her, and, in child fashion, blew kisses to her from its baby hand. At this scene, the queen burst into tears. Kneeling on the place where her husband had died before her, she gazed for one instant upon the palace of the Tuileries, then murmured fervently her dying prayers. A moment more, and her "gray, discrowned head" rolled upon the scaffold.

After his mother's death, which was studiously concealed from him, Louis continued to undergo the same iniquitous treatment from Simon as before. When in a good humor, this monster would entertain himself by teaching the child to curse and swear, to smoke tobacco, to sing obscene songs, or to get drunk upon brandy or fiery wines. But when, as was more frequently the case, he was angry or intoxicated, only blows and kicks marked his notice of the child. Once Simon detected him saying his prayers, as he knelt in his couch.

Stealing slyly behind him, he inundated the bed and child with a pail of cold water. Then, with blows and jeers, he compelled him to lie down again, and sob through the winter's night as best he could. To obey the commands of his gaolers without hesitation, and tamely to perform the menial duties of the apartment, even to blacking the shoes of Simon and his wife, was all the education that the French Republic could afford to Louis XVII. To learn to read and write was not among the objects for which he had been incarcerated.

At last, his health gave way, and his strength was no longer sufficient to perform the servile tasks to which he had become accustomed. Simon also was discontented with the enforced confinement of his post. Under these circumstances, it was determined to effect a change. It was decreed that Simon should be permitted to surrender his charge, and that no successor should be appointed. Accordingly, on the 19th of January, 1794, this wretch, in company with his wife, after formally bestowing his parting curse upon his prisoner, finally left him and the Tower that had so long been the uncomplaining victim and the silent witness of his sin.

The Council did not attempt to find a successor to Simon. They had hit upon a plan far better calculated to accomplish their malevolent designs. On the 21st of January, 1794, — the anniversary of the day of his father's death, — Louis was formally subjected to solitary imprisonment for the remainder of his fading life. His cell was the chamber formerly occupied by Cléry. The entrance was from an antechamber, through a low, small door, breast-high, heavily bolted and locked, with a wicket of stout iron bars, secured by an enormous padlock, through which was thrust his daily food. The air of heaven never penetrated his gloomy dungeon. The light of day faintly made its way through the barred windows over the dense skylight. Fire and lights were never allowed to the prisoner. The pipe of a stove in the antechamber, passing through his cell, furnished all the warmth it ever received; the reflection of a lantern through the wicket of the door was the only ray that cheered its gloom. The occasional glimpse of his keeper's face was the only aspect of humanity that greeted his eyes.



Outside of his prison, events were succeeding each other in such startling and awful rapidity, as for a season to withdraw public attention from his condition. On the 24th of March, Hébert and eighteen of his companions were sent to the guillotine by their brother assassins. On the 16th of April, Danton and fourteen of his leading partisans succeeded them. Dillon, and a score more of the spirits that had hitherto exercised such a controlling influence over the lives and liberties of others, had already paid the penalty of their crimes. The universal offence alleged against all was the design to restore the monarchy. Then commenced the Reign of Terror. Blood flowed like water among "the vine-covered hills and gay valleys of France," and thousands of her children fell before the all-devouring axe. Young men and maidens, gray heads tottering to the grave, fair young children, innocent even of the comprehension of the allegations under which they died, all were swept along in one indiscriminate slaughter. The dogs of Paris literally fed upon the streams of human blood that ran in its kennels. In contemplating this hideous picture, however, one is struck with its constant exhibitions of retributive justice. The tyrant of to-day is the victim of to-morrow. In the language of Madame de Staël, a progressive gulf yawned behind each leader of the people; the instant that he halted or took a step backwards, he was swallowed up. Among the thousands who were slain as royalists, there was a large proportion of men to whom royalism should never have been attributed; men whose hands were steeped in the life-blood of the king and the queen, and whose arms were wearied with slaying the adherents of the exiled house. On the 9th of May, 1794, about seven o'clock in the evening, (it will be noticed how careful was the Convention to make even the hours of the day subservient to its barbarity, by selecting the most unusual times for dragging its victims to the altar,) Madame Elizabeth was taken from her prison. No satisfaction was given her, by those who separated her from her niece, as to the fate destined for either of them. Commending the child to the care of the Almighty, the princess departed. With twenty-four others, many of them of her own sex, and all, we believe, royalists, she was sent to the guillotine. The records

of the time tell how, as each rose to go to execution, he or she made a profound obeisance to the sister of their late sovereign. At the last, her own turn came, and her sufferings found their end.

In his silent, dark dungeon, Louis XVII. knew nothing of all this. Of the death of his mother he was still kept profoundly ignorant. He heard not the shouts of the mob that led his aunt to her death, nor the yells that greeted that famous *cortège* of the 17th of June, 1794, when Robespierre and Fouquier-Tinville condemned to death *par amalgame et en masse*, to use their own phrase, almost every suspected royalist of note that they could lay their hands upon. Nothing transpired to break the cruel monotony of his afflictions. No books, no useful or idle toys or employments to wile away his time, were permitted him. His sole occupation was to make up, as best he might, the straw bed from which he rose in the morning, and to remove from the wicket the daily pittance of food provided him. His allowance consisted of a miserable sort of coarse broth, of which he received a scanty quantity twice a day, a piece of bread, a slice of meat, and a jug of water. No one entered his apartment to inquire into his wants. The Commissary charged by the Commune to visit the Temple, and report the presence of the prisoner, would come to his wicket and satisfy himself in silence, or, if he spoke at all, it would only be to pour obscene imprecations upon that youthful head. Other persons, even the turnkey who carried to and fro the coarse earthen-ware vessels that contained his food, were forbidden under pain of death to have any conversation with the captive.

The condition into which Louis XVII. fell, under these circumstances, was truly horrible. His already debilitated frame soon found itself unable to bear up against the new tortures to which it was subjected, and it sank beneath the load. Erelong, sickness laid its cold hand upon him; his strength began to fail; even the task of cleansing his chamber, and of arranging the garments upon his person or his bed, was not always within the compass of his feeble powers. Oftentimes, burning with fever, he would lie stretched upon the couch from which he had not vigor to rise, his lips

parched with thirst, his eyes vainly fixed upon the water-jug placed at the wicket. Oftentimes, in the attempt to drag his trembling limbs to procure the food or drink for which he had languished for hours, he would fall senseless upon the cold floor. Day by day, his body was succumbing beneath the strokes that, constant and heavy, fell upon it; day by day, alas! his mind was giving way beneath the weight of this unnatural, inhuman solitude. He no longer sought to contend with the rats and the mice that played fearlessly upon his bed, and ravished his food from his very hands. Odious vermin increased in his filthy chamber: great black spiders crawled unheeded over his person. "Every thing is alive in that room," said Caron, the cook, who brought his food; every thing but perhaps the only human being it contained; he possessed there but a brute existence. His body had not been washed for months, his clothes and his bed-linen were in the same foul state. If ever it has happened to a man, ere yet the soul hath left the body, to taste of all the horrors of the grave and the loathsomeness of decay,—to say unto corruption, Thou art my father, and to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister,—such was the lot of this royal child.

But a term was drawing nigh to the tyranny of Robespierre. On the 27th of July, 1794, Barras, appointed commander of the armed force which had on the evening before repulsed Henriot and the supporters of Robespierre, visited in form the different posts of the city. At the Temple, he paused to double the guards, and to recommend the strictest fidelity in their duty. It was then and there that he selected Laurent, a native of St. Domingo and a member of the Revolutionary Committee of the Section of the Temple, to be the special guardian of the children of the late king. Aged but about thirty-five years, Laurent was not at heart a bad man. His republican zeal, it is true, was too apt to blind him to the existence of a single good quality in one not of his own way of thinking; but his manners were good, his understanding far from feeble, and in the main, he was infinitely superior to most of his associates. But this same 27th of July—known in history as the 10th Thermidor—

was signalized by events far more startling than the mere changing or doubling of the keepers of the Temple. It was on this day that Robespierre, Couthon, Henriot, and St. Just, with many other minor celebrities, were hurried to their doom amid the hootings and execrations of that very populace by whom they had been so lately adored. Among their names appears that of Antoine Simon: this infamous ruffian, clothed in the identical *carmagnole* in which he had so often appeared at the Temple, survived the commission of his barbarities only long enough to behold the man that raised him from his native muck-heap as powerless to defend himself as he was to protect his supporters. As the fatal car slowly wound its way through the throng that surrounded it, a man decently clad burst through the crowd. Seizing hold of the car, he contemplated for some moments and in silence the hideous spectacle of Robespierre, covered with dirt and with blood, his jawbone broken in the ineffectual attempt at suicide, and one eye hanging from its socket. He uttered no reproaches to the culprit, but in solemn, calm tones repeated these words, fraught with terrible meaning to the guilty soul so soon to appear before its offended Master, — “*Oui, il est un Dieu!*”

Thus, in the thirty-fifth year of his age, justly perished Maximilian Robespierre. Danton and Marat had preceded him. It is a curious circumstance, that so many of the most important victims of the French Revolution were persons young in years, though old in suffering or in sin. Madame Elizabeth was but thirty years of age when she was slain; Marie Antoinette but thirty-eight; Louis XVI. himself but thirty-nine. How short their span of life would have appeared, had its confines been known at the commencement of their career! how long, ere they reached its close!

Let us return to the Tower. The first duties of Laurent, on entering upon his office, were to visit his youthful charge: and the effect produced upon his mind by the condition in which he found the prisoner and his dungeon was overpowering. He at once demanded of his masters an official inquest into the case. On the 31st of July, a deputation from the Committee of Public Safety visited the Temple. Through

the wicket, they called upon their captive. He made no reply. They then ordered the wicket to be opened. A workman forced away the bars, and ere long the keys arrived and the door was unfastened. With strong disgust they entered the filthy cell, reeking with putridity. There, crouched on a bed of dirty rags, they discovered a child of scarcely nine years of age, scantily clad in foul, tattered raiment, his face wan and pale with misery, his shoulders and head bowed down towards his breast, his discolored lips and his wrinkled cheeks giving still greater prominence to his wan, lustreless eyes, sunk deep in their hollow sockets, and every ray of animation or intelligence banished from his countenance. His head and his neck were covered with purulent sores; his legs, thighs, and arms, crooked and meagre, were unnaturally long at the expense of his body; his wrists and knees were swollen with discolored tumors; his feet and hands, with nails as hard as horn and long as talons, no longer resembled those of a human being. Every thing that pertained to his person bore the seal of squalor and degradation.

For the first time, Louis had fallen into the hands of a keeper who was disposed to exercise some degree of humanity. Laurent caused him to be conveyed to another chamber, whilst this one should be purified and measures taken to procure a better ventilation. "Why do you take so much trouble with me?" murmured the child; "I have but one wish, and that is to die." The aid of the physician and the nurse was invoked to cleanse his body from its disgusting parasites, but the touch of the comb or of the finger applying unguents was too painful to be endured. Another circumstance evinces the humanity of Laurent's feelings. Since the days of Simon, the child had been called by no other name than Capet, a name which certainly did not belong to him, and which could only serve to induce ill-will: his new guardian, from the first, addressed him as M. Charles, and this form was thenceforth generally followed. Still, it must not be supposed that Laurent's ability to serve his charge extended beyond the mere increase of his personal comforts. Occasionally, it is true, as a great favor, he was allowed to take him for a short time in the evening to walk upon the platform of

the Tower. There he once or twice discerned a few scattered weeds growing from the soil lodged in the interstices of the walls; with eager, trembling hands he culled their yellow blossoms, and, mindful of his early hours at Versailles, sought to form a little nosegay for his mother. On descending the staircase, in lieu of proceeding, as usual, to his own room, he hurried to the closed door of the chamber in which he believed the queen to be still confined; Laurent had not the heart to tell him of her fate, and the child was led back to his own room. These little courtesies of their agent were hardly known to the Committee of Safety: it was sufficient for them, however, that the prisoner still survived, for until he should cease to exist, they knew he would be a nucleus and a rallying-point for the most dangerous part of the royalist faction,—who, remaining in France with professions of democracy on their lips, were at heart, either from principle or feeling, devoted to a monarchical government. The prince was therefore kept as carefully immured as ever; only his downward path to the grave was no longer strewn so thickly with briers and thorns.

Wearied out with the incessant fatigue of his novel duties, Laurent ere long applied for an assistant; and on the 8th of November, 1794, through the unsuspected intrigues of the Marquis de Fenouil, M. Gomin, a loyalist at heart, though a man of a character too weak to be aught else to the outside world than a good republican, was appointed to the post. Gomin and Laurent were thus enabled often to relieve each other in their duties, and, under their care, every thing in their power was done to promote the prince's comfort. Once Gomin managed to smuggle to him four little pots of flowers in full bloom; once,—on the 25th of January, 1795,—so violent a storm of wind and rain prevailing as to drive the smoke down the chimneys of the upper rooms and make the atmosphere in the chamber of Louis XVII. almost unbearable, it was agreed by his guardians and the other commissaries, for their own comfort, to bring the little prince down stairs to dine with them all in the council-chamber of the Temple. It is true, that on this occasion, as on many others when members of the Convention visited him in their official

capacity, he was subjected to reproaches and brutal language on account of his origin and his resemblance to his mother, as well as for the unconquerable aversion he ever testified to the songs and toasts in which he was commanded to join, and of which, of course, the burden was the wickedness of his father and the impurity of his mother; but, nevertheless, the change was intended by Gomin as a relaxation.

In the Convention, however, the death of the son of Louis XVI. was resolved upon. Spain, Sardinia, Tuscany, in vain made fruitless efforts for his release, and that of his sister. The tribune resounded with the fiercest invectives against him; and it is only a wonder that he was not despatched as had been his parents and aunt. Nothing, probably, but a perfect conviction that a few months more passed in his rigorous confinement would inevitably bring him to his bier, prevented the leaders of the Convention from taking this atrocious step. When, on the 23d of March, Collot paid him a visit of inspection, he turned about to his comrades, after a minute examination of the physical state of the boy, and coolly observed that he had not two months longer to live. Laurent and Gomin, shocked at such a speech made in the hearing of its subject, endeavored to turn aside its meaning. "I repeat," said Collot, "that within two months this lad will be an idiot, if he be not a corpse!" A bitter smile played upon the child's lips, and his eyes filled with tears; turning to Gomin, he only remarked, "And yet I have never done any injury to a single person." A few days after this, March 31st, 1795, Laurent retired from his office, and Etienne Lasne, an ancient member of the National Guard, was appointed in his place. Fortune again befriended the captive in giving him a gaoler who at least would treat him like a human being. Lasne was not a stranger to the Dauphin's person; he had often, when on guard at the Tuileries, beheld the royal infant sporting on the terrace or playing in his little garden. Fortunately, this man, as well as Gomin, survived to our own days,—the former dying only in 1841, and the latter about the same date,—and we are enabled to rely upon their testimony as upon that of eyewitnesses.

"On entering the chamber," said Lasne, "I recognized his

Majesty instantly: his head was not changed; it was marked by the same beauty that had always distinguished it: but his complexion was pale and sallow, his chest narrow, his arms and legs long and thin, and huge swellings disfigured his right knee and his left wrist." From that time, while Gomin attended more particularly to Madame Royale, Lasne devoted himself, less as a gaoler than as a servant, to the Dauphin. He caused the bed furniture to be removed and cleansed; he sought to divert the loneliness of the Tower with music. Gomin was but an indifferent performer, but he produced his old violin, and gayly played an accompaniment to his comrade's songs. One of the chief favorites with the prince was the ballad supposed to be sung by the faithful Blondel to his captive lord, in the then popular opera of Richard Cœur-de-Lion:—

" O Richard, ô mon Roi,  
L'univers t'abandonne."

At other times, Lasne would turn the conversation to the scenes of earlier and happy days. They spoke of the little regiment called the Royal Dauphin, in whose manœuvres the prince formerly so much delighted, and of the box of dominos, beautifully carved from the ruins of the Bastille, which, on the 21st of May, 1791, his fellow-soldiers presented to their youthful colonel. On the back of each piece was engraved a letter in gold, so that, arranged together, the whole presented the words: *Vive le Roi! Vive la Reine et M. le Dauphin!* The case was made of a single piece of marble, and on its lid appeared this quatrain:—

" De ces affreux cachots, la terreur des Français,  
Vous voyez les débris transformés en hochets;  
Puissent-ils, en servant aux jeux de votre enfance,  
Du peuple vous prouver l'amour et la puissance!"

Poor child! he had been since taught bitterly how great was the power of the people; but as for their love, the less said on that subject the better. By such souvenirs of the past, an occasional smile was brought to the languid lips of the dying boy; but nothing could now serve permanently to dispel the gloom that had settled on his soul, and those lips



were soon to be sealed for evermore. Lasne and Gomin had not ceased for several days to apprise the government of the failing strength of their charge, but no attention was paid to their reports. At last, when they declared that there was every probability of his dying on their hands, M. Desault, a distinguished physician, was, on the 6th of May, 1795, authorized to visit him professionally. The only means which, to this practitioner, appeared at all likely to produce even a temporary improvement in his patient's health, were to transport him forthwith to some retired, tranquil spot in the country. This proposition was held inadmissible by government, and all that remained was to pursue a course of treatment which could do neither good nor harm, beyond perhaps relieving for a few short hours his sufferings. His sister, and his ancient tutor, M. Hue, were both apprised of his state; but their urgent applications to be with him and to assist him were obstinately denied. Desault, however, continued to attend him faithfully and daily, although he was not permitted to follow any procedure in his treatment inconsistent with the closest confinement. It was about this time that a commissary, named Bellanger, took an opportunity of sketching a portrait of Louis XVII., an engraving from which ornaments M. Beauchesne's volumes. Shortly after his death, the likeness was reproduced by Beaumont, and, twenty years after, by the royal factory of porcelain at Sèvres.

At this crisis happened an event which so many of the pretended Dauphins have made the groundwork of their fables. On the 1st of June, M. Desault died suddenly at his residence. The cause of his death was a very natural one; yet rumor and scandal have delighted to whisper, that, having administered a slow poison to the prisoner in the Temple, he was poisoned himself by those who had commanded the crime. To refute such a ridiculous story would be running a tilt at a windmill. But one thing remains certain. Desault had formerly attended the royal family and was familiar with the children; and he not only recognized the Dauphin on his first introduction into the Tower, but never, to his dying moments, entertained the least suspicion that the person whom he was attending was not the veritable son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette.

In consequence, however, of Desault's demise, M. Pelletan, the most distinguished surgeon in Paris, was charged, June 5th, with his late duties. All that this gentleman could effect, however, was the removal of the child, now scarcely able to move his limbs without assistance, into a better chamber. Pelletan continued the mild prescriptions of his predecessor, and doubtless wisely. From day to day, they saw the oil gradually exhausted from the lamp of life, and the flame burning dimmer and dimmer. The long, lonely nights,—for from 8 P. M. to 8 A. M. no one was allowed to be with him,—more than any thing else, depressed the spirits of the patient. “Always alone,” he sobbed, “always alone; my mother is locked up in the other tower.” Gomin turned the discourse on the misfortunes of others. Naming a commissary who had made himself particularly obnoxious to the prince, he mentioned that he was now in prison and in danger of his life. “I am very sorry for him,” was the reply, “he is so much more unhappy than I; he has *deserved* his misfortunes.”

The 8th of June, 1795, arrived, the last day of his life. The bulletins of the physicians during the morning announced that there was no reason to expect that he would survive the day. Towards afternoon, he appeared to be quietly sinking into the arms of death. Gomin knelt by his side, and poured forth his sympathizing soul in long and silent prayer. The child took his hand and pressed it to his lips. When Gomin raised his face, he found his hand still closely pressed in its fond embrace; but on the face of the Dauphin there rested an air of such celestial beatitude, his features so rapt in immovable attention, that for a moment he hesitated to speak. At length he whispered, “You do not any longer suffer so much pain?” “O yes, I suffer still; but I do not mind it so much, the music is so lovely!” There had been no music either in the Temple or its neighborhood; not a sound had disturbed the repose of the lonely, sequestered chamber in that summer noontide. With a sudden convulsive movement, the boy raised himself up on his fevered hands, his large blue eyes expanded to their utmost limits and sparkling with ecstasy. Gomin, scarce daring to breathe, gazed wonderingly at the

spectacle. After some moments of absorbed attention, the child again trembled all over with emotion; his eyes fairly danced with delight, and in accents of unbounded transport he cried out, "*Au milieu de toutes les voix, j'ai reconnu celle de ma mère!*" Lasne entered to relieve Gomin. The prince lay absorbed in thought. "Do you think my sister could have heard the music?" whispered he; then, suddenly beckoning Lasne's ear down to his lips, he added, "I have one thing to tell you —" These were his last words. At a quarter past two o'clock on the afternoon of Monday, the 8th of June, 1795, the heart of Louis XVII. ceased to beat.

Between the dates of his death and burial, many members of the government and the Committee of Public Safety came and examined the corpse, to verify the fact. On the 9th of June, a *post-mortem* examination was made by Dumangin, Pelletan, Jeanroy, and Lassus (the most distinguished of the Parisian faculty), by order of the Convention. They reported carefully all the symptoms which characterized the case, and pronounced the death of the child to have been caused by a long-seated scrofulous disorder. But their phraseology is in one place so ambiguous, as to demand a moment's attention. "We examined," say they, "the corpse of a child apparently about ten years of age, which the commissaries informed us was that of the son of the late Louis Capet, and which two of us (Dumangin and Pelletan) recognized as that of the child whom we had attended for some days." On this point, the argument that Louis did not really expire at the time and place above mentioned has frequently been made to rest. The physicians, it is urged, would else have plainly stated the body to be his, without all this circumlocution. We frankly admit, that, under ordinary circumstances, such a beating about the bush in the statement of a simple fact would look suspicious; but we must remember that, in those days, it was as much as a man's neck was worth to make any positive assertions on this subject. Suppose the surgeons had simply avowed their knowledge that the corpse was that of the Dauphin. The next question might have been, How did they know it? The inference that they must have had secret inter-

views with him through his confinement might have brought their heads to the guillotine. What was the construction put on their language at the time, by the Convention, by the Royalists, by the Republicans, by all the foreign powers? Without exception, they all believed it to signify nothing short of the death of the young Louis. The connection of M. Lassus with the royal family of France, and of M. Jeanroy with the house of Lorraine, certainly leaves no room for doubt, that, if they had entertained any suspicions of the identity of the corpse, they would, when succeeding times had made it perfectly safe for them to do so, have communicated their sentiments to persons so nearly interested in the truth. Still further, MM. Dumangin and Pelletan were men of the first reputation; they both survived till after the Restoration; they had both attended the prince in his last sickness, and had minutely observed his conduct and appearance; and neither of them, throughout his career, entertained or expressed the least notion that their patient had been any other than Louis XVII. In performing the autopsy, Pelletan had secreted and carried away the child's heart, and Dumangin saw him do it; and twenty years after, the one avowed the fact, and the other his complicity. These things show conclusively, that nothing can be deduced from the report of the physicians in support of the pretensions of the tribe of pseudo-Dauphins.

Our narrative respecting Louis XVII. is now drawing to a close. The "last scene of all, that ends this strange, eventful history," alone remains to be told. The tidings of the death in the Temple had spread far and wide; everybody in Paris had the news, save only the sister of the dead child, the sole survivor of his family. Whilst his corpse was hurried, under cover of the night, to its nameless grave, this fair young girl in dreams, perchance, beheld herself united to the brother whose last words had borne her name to the father, to the mother, and the scarcely less beloved aunt, whom she still believed to be alive. Whatever sympathy the fate of her brother excited, there was but little manifestation of it. A solitary woman, with a bunch of faded flowers in her hands, weeping, sought the gates of the Temple, and entreated permission to place upon his bier the blossoms the prince had

given her when he made her sit down, years before, in his little garden at the Tuileries. She was driven away.\* On the 10th of June, after darkness had fallen upon the city, a small *cortège* escorted the mean coffin which contained his remains to the burial-ground of the church of Sainte-Marguerite; there, in an unknown grave, was inhumed the corpse of the boy-king. His earthly crown had been but one of thorns; let us believe that, among the just made perfect, he changed it for a heavenly one, of a lustre unfading and that passeth not away.

We have spoken of the belief of the physicians that Louis XVII. had died; to this might be added the convictions of everybody who had any thing to do with the captive in the Temple. Louis XVIII. and his government never entertained the shadow of a doubt upon the question. Gomin, the faithful and attached commissary, who had charge of him for nearly a year, until he died, and who, on account of this fidelity, became a favored servant of Maria Theresa, afterwards Duchesse d'Angoulême, was satisfied of the fact. Lasne solemnly confirmed these views in his statement made but a few years since. He had long been familiar with the person of the Dauphin, he says, before he became his keeper; his acquaintance dated back to a period antecedent to his confinement; and he never for a moment doubted that the unfortunate prince had died in his arms. Even the inscriptions upon the walls of his cell testify, circumstantially, it is true, but with some force, to the fact of the identity of the prisoner with the son of Marie Antoinette. Under Napoleon's reign, the scene of so much wickedness and oppression was removed from the sight of men; in 1811, the tower of the Temple was destroyed, and the main building was materially altered and appropriated to other purposes than those of a prison. Immediately after the release of Maria Theresa, however, and her surrender by the French government to that of Austria, a throng of visitors sought the chambers where she and her family had so long

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\* Next the heart of an aged officer, shot for being engaged in the Quiberon affair, was found a locket containing a withered rose, almost reduced to dust. The locket bore this inscription: "*Donné par Monseigneur le Dauphin, à Paris, le 1<sup>er</sup> Août, 1790.*"

been immured. On the walls of the Dauphin's chamber were plainly visible these words, written in his own hand, though the trembling letters betrayed the writer's debility. "*Maman, je vous pr—*" The remainder of this childish prayer was effaced by the rude hand of Simon.\* As a little piece of corroborative testimony, this is worth something. Surely there is little reason to suppose that a supposititious child, of immature reasoning powers, and but a few days old in his part, could have so well imitated the writing and the turn of thought of the son of Marie Antoinette.

It must not be thought, however, that all France has continued to acquiesce in the belief of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, and of all the royal family, that her brother had perished in his captivity. Neither must it be supposed that Mr. Williams stands alone in his pretensions. At various intervals, there have sprung up nearly a score of interesting claimants to the honors and dignities of Louis XVII. Mr. Williams has had at least eighteen predecessors; and if the public has any doubts as to the fact of the death in the Temple, it is certainly at full liberty to pick and choose for itself among the ranks of the whole troop; and we are free to confess that some of them present a far more imposing aspect in their tales than the *protégé* of Mr. Hanson. To the career of one or two of the most conspicuous of these pretenders, we purpose devoting a few pages.

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\* We have rarely heard of more touching inscriptions than those left in their cells by the different members of the royal family. In that of Maria Theresa was found the following: "*O mon père, veillez sur moi du haut du ciel.*" And in the embrasure of a window where she was wont to sit, "*Mère de douleurs, priez pour nous*"; and a little lower, "*Regina martyrum, ora pro nobis.*" In Madame Elizabeth's chamber, she had written these invocations from the Litany:—

*" Per agoniam et passionem tuam,  
Libera nos!  
Per mortem et sepulturam tuam,  
Libera nos!"*

In the apartment of Marie Antoinette were these verses, from the *Imitation de Jésus Christ*, written on a panel of the door:—

*" La gloire que le monde donne et reçoit passe en un moment, et elle est toujours suivie de tristesse.*

*" La gloire des bons est dans le fond d'e leur cœur, et non dans la bouche des hommes.*

*" La joye des justes est de Dieu et en Dieu; leur joye est dans la vérité."*

The first, in order of time, of these aspirants to regal honors, was the son of a petty tailor of the hamlet of St. Lo, in the department of La Manche, named Hervagault. This lad, a dissipated, insubordinate fellow, had run away from his parents in September, 1796, and for some time succeeded in palming himself off on the credulity of the loyalists of the neighborhood of Cherbourg as the son of an *émigré* noble, till at last he was thrown into gaol as a vagabond. Being thence reclaimed by his father, in October, 1797, he again made a "moonlight flitting," and on this occasion, arriving at Châlons, he boldly announced himself as the Dauphin. His story was received with abundant faith by the simple-hearted portion of the royalists in that town, and he was loaded with gifts. Unfortunately, however, for himself, he came under the cognizance of the ministers of justice, and was sentenced to a month's imprisonment, as a vagabond and rogue. Nevertheless his votaries still clung to his story, even in despite of a sentence at Vire to two years in gaol on the same grounds that had wrought his conviction at Châlons. A certain Madame Seignes, a lady of some quality, was his main stand-by. At her house he fairly held a little court, and in every respect lived *en prince*. The story put forward by this impudent impostor was as follows.

Under the *régime* of Laurent, he said, his health was so materially impaired by the treatment he had undergone at the hands of the barbarous Simon, that the nurse in charge of him determined on smuggling him out of the Temple enveloped in a huge bundle of linen, leaving in his stead an infant purchased for the purpose from venal parents. From Passy, whither he was at first taken, he was speedily removed, in female garb, to Belleville, the head-quarters of the Vendéan army, constantly preserving a strict incognito. In the mean time, the fraudulent Dauphin left in his stead at the Temple was discovered by M. Desault the physician: and in consequence of this inopportune revelation, both doctor and patient were drugged by those interested in preserving a concealment of the evasion, and died off-hand. And to set this story upon perfectly safe ground, the pretender assured his auditory that the base man who had so unpaternally sold his

offspring to a lingering captivity, or to assured death, was no other than a very rascally little tailor at St. Lo, by the name of Hervagault!

From La Vendée, our fortunate Dauphin, according to his story, crossed over to England, where he was the favored guest of George III., who after a season furnished him with a national vessel to bear him to Ostia, armed with an introductory letter from that Protestant monarch to his Holiness the Pope. The Sovereign Pontiff gave him the kindest reception, declared his willingness to crown him on the spot as King of France and Navarre, and, by way of taking a bond of fate and fixing his identity beyond all future cavil, branded him with a hot iron in the presence of no less than thirty cardinals, who contemplated this ingenious proceeding with unspeakable emotions of religious fervor and holy joy. On his right leg was thus sacredly impressed the royal shield of France, with the three *fleurs-de-lis*; on his left arm, the initial letter of his name, and the device, *Vive le Roi!* Leaving Rome, he passed by way of Leghorn and Barcelona into Portugal, where the queen of Portugal received him no less graciously than old King George had done. A match was speedily projected for him with a so-called Lady Benedictine, of the blood-royal of Braganza, and widow of the Prince of Brazil. A coalition of nine sovereign powers was likewise brought about by this useful queen, with no other object than the restoration of the Dauphin to the throne of his ancestors.

At this moment, continued our hero, he was called by his partisans at home to repair to France, to head the rebellion of the 18th Fructidor. Hastily taking leave of his betrothed, he flew to his native land. There, finding the hopes of his friends blasted, he sought to pass from the coast of Normandy to the English isle of Jersey. Wandering about the country the while, he was seized and thrown into the Cherbourg gaol, from which time his adventures were known to all the world.

When the first report of this cock-and-bull story reached the ears of the princess Maria Theresa, at that time sojourning at the Austrian court, it caused her a momentary anxiety. She was herself fresh from her dungeon; it was just



possible that her brother might have been equally fortunate. One little circumstance in his story, however, soon sufficed to convince her of the falsity of the whole. After the events of the 9th Thermidor, he declared that his condition had been much improved; he was no longer separated from his sister, but Madame Royale was permitted to share his confinement and participate in his amusements. Of course, that lady knew too well how utterly untrue all this was, to attach the least importance to the rest of his story, every syllable of which was, beyond doubt, absurdly false. Still, in spite of the cold incredulity of his relatives, a host of believers in the *soi-disant* Dauphin thronged about him, many of them of much respectability, and he was treated by them as "every inch a king." Finally, he was so unlucky as to attract the attention of the First Consul. It is known that Bonaparte was disposed to deal with the impostor summarily, as a state criminal; but acting on shrewder advice, he caused him to be prosecuted merely as a swindler. The trial took place before the Tribunal of Justice, February 17th, 1802, and the prisoner was declared to be no other than one Jean Marie Hervagault, and was condemned to four years' imprisonment, from which sentence he appealed. The most earnest and important of Hervagault's adherents was M. de Savines, ex-Bishop of Viviers, a visionary, credulous, wrong-headed man. This person undertook to find for his newly-discovered sovereign a bride worthy of his rank, and found one in a beautiful and accomplished young lady of Dauphiné, the daughter of a legitimated son of Louis XV., and therefore of tolerably pure Bourbon blood. The condescending bridegroom, forgetful of his ancient troth plighted to the Princess of Brazil, gave his consent. But his wooing was cut short by an insupportable calamity; his sentence was confirmed, and he was locked up within the prison of Rheims.

It is needless to follow the history of Monsieur Hervagault much further. His adherents, headed by the Bishop of Viviers, kept up such a commotion about him that, at one time, according to M. Alphonse de Beauchamp in his *Life of Hervagault*, even the astute Fouché thought it worth while to recommend to Bonaparte to acknowledge his claims, and

cajole or extort from him, at the same time, a solemn renunciation thereof in the Emperor's favor. Another policy was followed; the Bishop was seized and shut up in a madhouse for the rest of his life, and Hervagault was transferred to the Bicêtre, the foulest common gaol of Paris. His term of imprisonment having expired, he served for some time with credit on board of a man-of-war; but again running away to play his old *rôle* of the wandering prince in Lower Brittany, he was once more arrested by government, and sent to the Bicêtre for life. On his dying pallet, the priest in attendance adjured him to make his peace with Heaven by confessing the impostures of which he had been guilty. "I shall not appear as a vile impostor in the eyes of the Great Judge of the universe," was the answer. These were his last words. So far as persistence in a story goes, his is entitled to due weight, for he brazened it out to the end.

"Playing at Dauphin" was evidently a lively trade, and the tailor's lad did not lack imitators. One of the most successful of these was Maturin Bruneau, the son of a maker of *sabots* (wooden shoes for the peasantry), dwelling at Vezin, in the Department of the Maine and Loire. He was born in 1784; in 1795, he had already become a vagrant and dissolute outcast: his parents were dead, and his nearest kindred had turned him out of doors. His first feat was to obtain charity according to the well-known system of those days, by representing himself to be the son of an *émigré* noble. The chateau of the Seigneur de Vezin had been plundered and burned, and the Baron's son was at that moment actually in England. Bruneau straightway made free with the name of the young exile, and in that capacity was entertained and nurtured for a year in the chateau of Angrie, belonging to the Vicomtesse de Turpin de Crissé. The arrival of M. Charles de Vezin, the Baron's brother, put an end to this imposture; and about the year 1797, Maturin disappeared from the neighborhood. In 1799 and 1800, we find him engaged with the Chouan Royalists in their rash undertakings. In 1803, he turns up again in gaol, whence he procured his discharge by entering into the marine artillery. In 1806, being on the American coast, he deserted from his ship,

and worked in Philadelphia for a season, as a journeyman baker; and finally, after various wanderings in both the Americas, returned to France, under the assumed name of Charles de Navarre, in 1815. Shortly after his arrival at St. Malo's, he found himself mistaken for a young soldier named Philippeaux, supposed to have died or been captured in Spain. Favoring the blunder, he hailed the widow Philippeaux as his mother, made himself welcome in her house, and ere long squandered the bulk of her little fortune. The success of this enterprise encouraged him to fly at higher game. Deserting the Philippeaux family, he boldly proclaimed himself to be Louis XVII. Fortunately, this point is susceptible of easy demonstration. Bruneau declared he was present at the Vendéan fight of Aubiers. This took place in 1793, at which date we *know* the Dauphin was in the Temple. This circumstance, however, did not prevent a large accession of true believers; and while the police took the impostor off to prison, his friends spared no effort to make his confinement as comfortable as possible. Gifts poured in from every side, and vows of adhesion. Violent efforts were made to drag the Duchesse d'Angoulême into the controversy; but, assured in her own mind of the audacity of the hoax, that princess refused even to examine the tale, or to grant an interview to her would-be brother. The upshot of the matter was, that, after having deluded no inconsiderable number of persons, and to a pretty handsome tune, our adventurer's identity was settled by means of the Vicomtesse de Turpin, who at once recognized him as the scapegrace that had formerly so successfully abused her hospitality. He was tried and condemned as a swindler and a cheat, and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment;—and this is the last we know of the adventures of Maturin Bruneau.

The history of Naundorf, a third claimant, (an account of whom, edited by Mr. Percival, is now before us,) is the most curious of all. If there were no other reasons, the reception he met with in Paris and London, from many of the most distinguished gentry, would suffice to call attention to his case. This person had, for some time, been publishing his tale with little success; and it was not until 1832, when

the house of Bourbon had been for the third time hurled from the throne, and Charles X. and his family were quietly sojourning at Prague, that it began to make much noise in the world. Naundorf's story was to this effect. He declared, in the first place, that he was the Dauphin Louis Charles, who had been confined in the Temple; that in November, 1794, he had been smuggled out of his cell in a basket of linen, and concealed in another chamber, while a wooden effigy, made to resemble him, was left in his place; and that this image was subsequently exchanged for a deaf and dumb child, provided by Barras and Madame Beauharnais, afterwards the Empress Josephine! Naundorf said he finally made his escape from the Temple in the hearse which conveyed the body of the poor child who had been put in his place. In support of his pretensions, he produced many letters, some of them doubtless genuine, from his immediate supporters; others, of doubtful authenticity, from historical characters who had passed from the stage; whilst some of the most important were plainly forgeries. His story contained many particulars that might have excited the suspicions even of the credulous. He subsequently enlisted in the army, and was terribly wounded in the head at Stralsund, in 1810. At last he settled down to watch-making — a trade at which he possessed some skill — at Brandenburg, in Prussia, where he occupied his leisure in concocting letters to the Duchesse d'Angoulême (his alleged sister), the Duchesse de Berri, and the king, and in wedding the daughter of a Prussian corporal. At length, in May, 1832, he found his way, in a destitute condition, to Paris. Being recommended to apply for charity to the old Comtesse de Richemont, he announced himself to this zealous old lady as the Duke of Normandy. With very slight cavil, his story was received. He was installed in magnificent apartments, his wife and children were sent for by his partisans, and throngs of the ultra-loyal votaries of the *ancien régime* hastened to avow their faith in his pretensions. Whatever evidence he brought to support them, he must have managed his game well. Spontaneous tribute, at the rate of a quarter of a million of dollars *per annum*, was laid at his feet by many of the most respectable inhabitants of the Faubourg St. Germain; and for a sea-

son the "Duke of Normandy" was all the rage in Paris. After a time, however, the bubble burst. Escorted in a very arbitrary style by the police to Calais, he was, in 1838, dismissed from France, and took up his residence at Camberwell, near London. Here he employed himself in making experimental essays in pyrotechnics, and invented some improvements in destructive missiles, which elicited warm approbation from the Woolwich Board of Ordnance. He never desisted, however, from the assertion of his legitimate right to the throne of France, and was very indignant at the manner in which he had been treated by Louis Philippe. To add to the doubts excited by his reception in Paris, the repeated attempts made to assassinate him in England came with puzzling effect upon the minds of those who took an interest in his history. On the 10th of August, 1844, however, he died at Delft, in Holland, whither he had previously retired.

There is a very ready way of exposing the falsity of Naundorf's tale. He alleged, that, when he was confined with his family in the Temple, Marie Antoinette and the Princess Elizabeth had written together some lines upon a paper, which they then severed, giving one part to the Duchesse d'Angoulême (then Madame Royale) and the other to himself, with an injunction to preserve the pledge carefully, as a means of mutual recognition should they ever be separated. "When we meet," wrote Naundorf to the Duchess, "I will produce the half corresponding to that which you possess. It has never been out of my possession since our fatal separation!" It is needless to say, that the whole story of such a paper having been written, if there is any faith to be placed in the asseverations of the Duchess, was utterly and impudently false. In fact, it is by means of this lady that the fortunes of the mock Dauphins have invariably been wrecked. Marie Thérèse Charlotte, the eldest child of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, was born on the 19th of December, 1778, and died on the 15th of October, 1851. Distinguished through life for her religious zeal, her charities, her clear understanding, and the almost bigoted veneration she entertained for the memory of her fellow-captives in the Temple, it is impossible for us to believe this woman would have stooped, on any occasion, to a

falsehood which would have given the lie to the inmost principle of her life. An unflinching believer in "the right divine" of kings, an earnest — nay, almost fanatical — worshipper of the Church of Rome, she could not have wished to defraud her brother of his inheritance.

What, then, are the facts of the case? We know that, on the 14th of October, 1793, at the trial of his mother, the Dauphin was, in the presence of the whole Convention, confronted with his family. Up to that date, therefore, we clearly trace his presence in the Temple. It has never been denied, or even doubted, so far as we are aware, that he continued to remain under the custody of Simon until January 21st, 1794, when he was subjected to solitary imprisonment. If ever any child was substituted in his place, and the Dauphin surreptitiously removed from the Temple, it must have been during this period of seclusion. But we have never found reason to believe that such an evasion was possible. We firmly believe that the child whom Laurent took charge of on the 28th of July, 1794, was the same that had been locked up in the cell on the 21st of the preceding January, and was no other than the son of Louis XVI. Had Laurent entertained a doubt on the subject, it would not have remained unperceived by his assistant, Gomin, the devoted servant of the royal children, who came into office November 8th, 1794. It is true, Naundorf published a letter from Laurent, avowing his complicity in a proposed plan of escape for the prince; but Laurent had died long before this story was told, and the letter itself bears internal evidence of being a forgery. Even the name subscribed is not spelt correctly. On the 31st of March, 1795, Lasne took Laurent's place, and he and Gomin remained with the prince till his death. As we have before said, the one was familiar with his person; the other was the trusted, though secret friend of Marie Thérèse, and both survived to a recent day. Is it likely that these men should have been deceived, or that, in their turn, they should have persisted in deceiving the person most interested in knowing the truth? Setting aside the possible change that, in later years, *might* have taken place in her feelings, certainly, at that time, his sister would have rejoiced more than any other person at the escape of the

Dauphin. But his conversation, his appearance, his manners, all preclude the idea that the prisoner whom Lasne and Gomin attended from November, 1794, to the 8th of June, 1795, was any other than Louis Charles of France and of Bourbon, then the only son of Louis XVI.

The conclusion, therefore, to which, in common, we doubt not, with every intelligent and impartial observer, we must inevitably come, is, that there is not one syllable of truth in all the stories of all the Dauphins. In saying this, we do not desire to impeach the good faith of the last of this tribe. We have no reason to suppose Mr. Williams does not devoutly believe in the truth of his own pretensions. He is, probably, the victim of a hallucination harmless in itself, and perhaps productive of some satisfaction to its subject. If this be the case, we are content to leave him in the full enjoyment of all the supposititious honors that attend his barren heritage, and venture to assure him that no one more readily than ourselves will welcome the appearance of proof sufficient to induce us to alter our present convictions.

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ART. VI. — *History of Greece.* By GEORGE GROTE, Esq.  
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DURING the past century, the history of antiquity has been investigated with a zeal before unknown. Men have become aware that such investigation is not merely a dull research among the mouldering bones of a lifeless past, but an inquiry full of interest and advantage to the more important present. As the idea of political liberty is more widely diffused, and acquires every day new force and energy, the histories of the ancient republics, Athens and Rome, assume an especial interest. We need them, both as a warning and as an encouragement. They have, however, been presented to us too exclusively in the former light. Especially has the dark side of Athenian liberty been held up by able historians, to exhibit